brick pediments and cornices, and windows most picturesque, and a cricket-ground behind shadowed by giant elms as ascient as the ancient school.

A little way outside of Deadleigh stands a fine mansion of red brick, 200 years old; it has a tiled roof, the color of reast coffee; brick and tile are stained, softened in tone, and mottled with yellow and gray lichens, and the house a large; it consists of a main body with two wings. The wings continue the same range of tall windows, and are in the same axis. The roofs are, however, a little lower than that of the ever, a little lower than that of the central block, which apparently contains the state apartments. This central block has one enormous stack of chimneys, also of red brick, and, capriciously, the cills down a sead blown by the winds the gilly-flower seed blown by the winds from the garden has taken root in the interstices between the bricks, and the old chimney-stack is garlanded with yellow and brown wall-flowers. There chimney-stacks inferior in size to wings, but no flowers wreath them. The reason, no doubt, is that these lat-ter chimneys are used and get too hot for roots to live in them, whereas the central block of chimney never gives

The mansion stands well back from the road, with a lawn before it and yew-trees banking each side. On the side of the house away from the road the gardens that stretch down to are the gardens that stretch down tained through a noble pair of ham-mered-iron gates or through a side

The house had been unoccupied for number of years except by a widow and her daughter, who tenanted one wing. The proprietor lived in London— Deadleigh was too dull for his taste, and Deadleigh was too dull to induce those gentlefolk seeking houses to settle there and rent the mansion.

The widow who lived in part of th house was a person highly respected in Deadleigh. Her husband had been a surgeon in practice there. On his death she was left with so little means that a subscription was raised in the neigh-borhood, which reached £1,000, and this was invested for her. She lived on the interest very quietly, and rent free, for she was allowed by the owner of mansion to occupy one wing on dition that she kept the rest of the house in order—lighted fires in the winter, opened windows in summer, had the carpets shaken occasionally, and the window-frames painted periodi-

Mrs. White was well housed at no cost, and she and her daughter Mabel had not only the run of the mansion, but also the grapes from the vinery and the vegetables from the garden, and the it from the orchard, as much as they ded; and all they did not want they needed; and all they did not want sold, and from the receipts paid the gar-dener, and accounted to the owner for

At last, to the alarm and grief of

Mr. Corder was, or rather had been, a button-manufacturer; not a maker of all kinds of buttons, but a specialist a manufacturer of smoked mother-of-

For many years Mr. Corder had done badly in business; there had been no demand for smoked mother-of-pearl. Corduroy was worn only by cheap-jacks and velveteen by game-keepers, and smoked mother-of-pearl buttons go with corduroy and velveteen as certainly as primroses and peacocks went with Lord Beaconsfield, by inherent fitness. Now the cheap-jacks are dwind-ling in numbers, and the game-keep-ers are not many, consequently the market for smoked mother-of-pearl butmarket for smoked mother-of-pear out-tons was aluggish, till by a freak of fashion a rage for wearing velveteen came over the English people. The gentlemen wore velveteen jackets and the ladies velveteen gowns and bodies. With the velveteen came in smoked mother-of-pearl as a matter of course. The demand for buttons of this sort

was great, and the factory was engaged night and day in turning them out of all hues of smokiness and all sheeny lustres. Mr. Corder rapidly realized a fortune, and then sold his business at e proper moment, before the fashion sclined, and sold it as though the fashion for velveteen and smoked mother-of-pearl buttons was as certain of main-taining its place as the Government of Mr. Gladstone, or as securely established as the Church of England. Mr. Corder was new clear of business, and with a very handsome fortune safely invested. He had an only child, gentleman of one-and-twenty, good-looking, better educated than his father, and very idle. Mr. Corder's great ambition was to have his son acted by society as a real member of order which stands supreme a mid England to Essex, away a where his antecedents were wen, and bought the mansiona of Deadleigh, with the intension of settling there and getting his married into one of the aristocratic silies of the neighborhood. To acammodate himself to his new position a underwent several transformations.

Is had been accustomed to very shabby cats, more shabby trousers, and most habby hate; now he assumed a scrupuously smart, if slightly old-fashioned, table. He had been a Dissenter and a

Radical; he now became a Churchman and a Censervative.

Mr. Corder had paid Deadleigh a flying visit to look at the house and learn something of the neighborhood before he bought the place. When he came there on the completion of the purchase he was accompanied by his son. He put up for a few days at the "Rose and Crown" till he could see that all was ready for his reception at the house. He had engaged servants, bought a carriage and horres, and hoped in a menth to be comfertably established in "The Tows," as his mansion was called. He had purchased the place, with its furniture, pictures, and concervatories. The furniture was old-fashloped and poor, and the pictures of the house in such manner as to give one of the state rooms on each floor to each tenement. Thus the part cocupied by Mrs. White had a large and handsome room on the ground

ght have let for at least a he

railway."
"But folks as would take 'The
Yews' would keep a carriage; so that

"Then it is far from London. "Not so far as Westmoreland of Cornwall, and houses let there." "There is no shooting." "Every one don't shoot. I don'

"Then," began the lawyer, and hesi-tated, and added tamely, "there may be other things."
"What other things?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing," said the solicitor, looking uncomfortable.
"I'll tell you what," said Mr. Corder, not observing his unessiness.
"That house is full of odds and ends and traps and dust. I'll begin with a

and traps and dust. I'll begin with a pretty clean sweep."

The lawyer looked furtively at him, his mouth twitched, and he said, half veriously, half jestingly, "You must first get rid of the ugly, dirty one."

"I don't take you," said Mr. Corder, opening his eyes wide. "I intend," he added, "to have a good, substantial

"In the place of an unsubstantial sweep," observed the solicitor in a low

"Nothing imperfect, unsubstantial with me," Mr. Corder went on. "I intend to repaper, recurtain, and altogether refurnish the mansion after I have had that sweep out I spoke of."

"The first thing is to have that sweep

"Exactly. I said so." "But can you do it? The house would have let readily before, only the

late proprietor could not do it."
"Not have the sweep out?" "Fiddle-stick-ends. Brooms brushes, pails of water."

"No good, none at all."
"What do you mean?" "I mean that if the house had not been haunted the house would have

"Haunted? What has that to do with my sweep out?" "It is haunted by a sweep."
A pause. Mr. Corder sat and stared.

The agent looked down, half-ashamed, "I was not told a word about this,"

said the ex-mother-of-pearl-button mannfacturer. We were not bound to inform you

of such a matter," said the solicitor.
"I don't believe in ghosts," exclaimed Mr. Corder, contemptuously. Rats or bad drains are the cause of ghost stories. Rats make a noise and drains exhale poisonous vapors which affect the brain. Are the drains wrong?

"The drains are right—it is the chimney which is wrong. The sweep infests the chimney."

"What chimney?"
"The stack belonging to the staterooms. You may have observed gillyflowers grow out of it." "I don't believe a word of it," said Mr. Corder impatiently. "I don't and won't believe in ghosts—no educated people do give credence to these foolish

"Exactly," said the lawyer. also do not believe a word about the sweep, but unquestionably our domes-tic servants are not so highly educated as to be superior to vulgar terrors, and it has been found impossible for any one to retain their servants who has tried to live at 'The Yews.""

Mrs. White, the proprietor died, and, cousequent on his death, the house was sold and purchased by Mr. Corder, of Birmingham.

The story is not romantic, and the incident is not very remote. Some five and twenty years ago, in the late protuce to the Orthopedic Hospital. prietor's lifetime, an unfortunate swee

engaged in cleaning the chimneys of the state apartments fell in the chimney. He had been to the top and looked out. In descending a brick gave way, it is supposed, under his foot, and he fell supposed, under his foot, and he fell just step over and ask particulars of the whole depth of the flue and broke his Mrs. White." neck or back—or both—and died an hour after. I remember the circumstance. After that popular the sweep haunts the central stack of chimneys, and at night is to be heard creeping up one flue and down another, and sometimes as falling. We will run across and ascertain."

"On no account," answered Mr. Corder, reddening with anger. "I see what it is—you want to have another look into the blue eves of Min. and sometimes as falling. He is said But I won't have it. The sooner these to have been seen at the top of the people turn out the better. I'll go and brush; also, on moonlight nights, to and at the same time learn the ages and have been observed in some of the state rooms seated on the stone fender in a pensive attitude, with his head in

"And pray," said Mr. Corder, with decision in his tone, "is he surrounded by phosphorescent light, and does he

licitor. strongly of soot."
"If the ghost had been a figure in

having one's house haunted; it would give it respectability," mused Mr. Cor-der. "But—a chimney-sweep—and a chimney-sweep who only died t'other

day! 'Tis vexing.
"Come along, Charles," he said,
after a pause, to his son, and rose from his chair. "We must be off and to 'The Yews.' How about these other parties, sir? "-this to the agent.
"You mean Mrs. White and her

daughter," answered the lawyer. "Of course they leave. You have only to give them notice that their services will not be required, and they must depart. last words he looked timidly at his son. I am sorry for them. 'Mrs. White is an excellent lady, highly regarded throughout the neighborhood, much respected by the county people. If, sir, you could possibly retain her in any capacity in the house, I believe it would give general satisfaction, be a kindness to her, and that you would not regret it yourself: a more trustworty, honorit yourself; a more trustworty, honorable, lady-like person I do not know.

If you had desired a housekeeper—"
"I do not want one," said Mr. Corder

He had been a Dissenter and a former, "we must go at once and give sal; he now became a Churchman the old woman and her kid notice to

ings equally convenient, he had walled up doors communicating between the parts of the house in such manner as to give one of the state rooms on each floor to each tenement. Thus the part occupied by Mrs. White had a large and handsome room on the ground and handsome room on the groun floor, and the same with the wing occur pied at present by Mr. Corder and his

of conversation.

Mr. Corder at once felt that his potion was diclicult; he was conscious
his social inferiority, and nervous bcause obliged to turn this charming lacand her daughter out of the house.

He talked about the weather, about

He talked about the weather, about the gardens, about the greenhouse, about the furniture, about the neighborhood and the neighbors; incidentally he learned from the widow that there was a baronet within five miles who had three unmarried daughters, and he resolved mentally that his son should marry one of them.

marry one of them.
"About what is their figure?" asked Mr. Corder.
"Slim and graceful," answered the

"I don't mean that," said the exsmoked-mother-of-pearl-button manu-facturer. "I mean what is each of

them worth in money?"

The widow shook her head. "Not much," she said; "I fear the family is not wealthy. If they had had more dower they would not have remained unmarried."

sumptuous in me."

neither believed in ghosts, and both scouted the idea of the house being

haunted by a chimney-sweep, were wont to retire to bed very much earlier

at "The Yews" than had been their

custom elsewhere. Midnight never found them together down stairs,

smoking and drinking whiskey and water, with the great dark staircase to

One evening after dinner, when father

and son were sitting together over their

wine, Mr. Corder said : " Charles what

a wonderful work of genius that 'In

quire Within for Everything ' is I find

it an inexhaustible treasury of informa-

tion. We must refurnish here, and I took the book down to get an idea

is buttons there I find instruc-

tions how to choose a tasteful carpet.

Why, Charlie, that book contains

something of all kinds. I find there

receipts for the kitchen, and remedies

for scalds, legal information, hints as to

etiquette, rules for carving hares, and soles, and poultry, and for light read-

ing, even poetry. At least I've come on one piece, but I can't make it out-

poetry, too, by the noble Lord-Poet

Twas whispered in Heaven, 'twas mutter ea in Hell. And echo caught faintly the sound as i

And the depths of the ocean its presence confessed.

could discover. Can you see what the

to consign to a certain place those

who omitted their aspirates; he

Charlie, I lie in bed of a night tossing

on my pillow, saying 'ouse, and 'orse, and house, and horse, and, upon my

word, I get so bewildered I don't know

never shall learn without a teacher,

and I should be ashamed to appear

among tip-top gentlefolks and make myself ridiculous with my aspirates. I wish I could find some one who would

"Don't you think, father, you might

Mr. Corder colored. "I see through

you, Charlie," he said. "You want

You marry one of the baronetical fe

Mr. Charles Corder dutifully depart-

ed and retired to his room, where he

divested himself of his clothes, though

the hour was only half past 9. He did

not, however, retire between the sheets, but he redressed himself in a suit of tight-fitting black—rusty, sooty bla k—

put a black cap on his head, with a fall

of black gauze to it, which he drew

over his face, giving his face a grimy,

pair of black gloves, then took from a

cupboard a short black ladder and a

brush, and slipped into the state room

on the first floor.

The room had a handsome, large open

fire-place, the chimney-piece of marble

proceeded to ascend the chimney

When he reached the summit of the

ladder, which was about six feet high,

he threw his leg across a partition or

stone slab which divided the flue from

the flue of the state rooms of the other

portion of the house-a partition which

existed only a few feet up the chim-

ney, sufficient for the direction of the

smoke from the respective fires. Then he pulled up the ladder and put it down

on the further side and descended by it

into the grand drawing-room on Mrs.

This drawing-room was thinly fur-

nished with old white and gold chairs

and tables. The long windows were without shutters, and the full moon

poured in through uncurtained glass

upon the polished oak floor. No one

was in the room. Mr. Charles seated

himself, with his back to the fire-place,

on the marble fender in a pensive atti

tude, leaning his chin in the hollow of

his hand, waiting, while with his other

hand he played with his sweep's brush. Presently the door opened, and Miss Mabel White entered timidly in a light muslin evening dress, looking very fair, pale, and ghostlike in the light of the

Mr. Charles Corder sprang to his feet

and hastened to meet her with an ex-

pression of rapture.
"Oh, Mr. Charles!" said Mabel in

the stable boy caught sight of you, and

is frightened out of his wits. I hear

that some of the maids saw you on the

grand staircase, and are persuaded that

taking advantage of the superstitious terrors of the servants to obtain an in-

and if he knew that we were engaged

White's side of the house.

sweep-like appearance. He drew

just put me on the right rails.

consult Mrs. White?"

ascend to their several rooms.

out of it, and sure as

"So much the better," thought Mr. Corder : " more likely to snap at Char-Casually it came out that Mrs. White

was related to the barenet. Mr. Cor-der felt abashed and awed when he learned this. The conversation turned to the ghostly sweep, and Mrs. White said: Neither Mabel nor I have been incon-

venienced by him personally. Of course, we do not believe in his ex-istence, and we have neither seen nor heard him. True," she added, "we never enter the state rooms at night, because we do not occupy them. This wing suffices us, and two ladies do not need more than a snuggery." After a pause she said nervously, and with a smile to concerl her tradition. smile to conceal her trepidation, "But I suppose we shall now have to vacate our lodging—we cannot, of course, ex-

"Let us not speak of business to-day, ma'am," said Mr. Corder politely. I have no doubt for awhile I shall be obliged to trouble you for advice and information about the place and people which will be valuable to me as a stranger." "Is Mrs. Corder likely to arrive

soon?" asked the widow timorously.
"There is no Mrs. Corder," said he "She left this world of woe ifteen years ago, when Charles was

babby."
"When your son was a baby," corrected Mrs. White." "Quite so. I said so," answered

Mr. Corder, with a little color in his temples. He was aware that he had pronounced his word wrong.

While his father was talking to the widow Charles was occupied with the daughter, and found himself gradually drawing his chair nearer to her, till they

were discussing the spectral sweep in low tone, actually tete-a-tete. When the two gentlemen left Charles Corder said to his father, "So I suppose you have given them notice to

Mr. Corder grunted. "It seems almost a pity," said Charles. "They are very nice people, and might really be of use to you in

Mr. Corder growled : "Look here. Charles, the girl is good-looking and you are taken with her pretty face. That is the plain English. It won't do. I'll have no misalliances in my family. Charlie, there is a noble baronet within five miles who has three baronetical "But who is this sweep? What is daughters. You must marry one of them. I have made up my mind. I allow you free choice among the three,

> Next day, after dinner, Mr. Corde said to his son: "Charles, I made a mistake yesterday. I forgot to inquire the ages, names, and temperaments of the baronetical daughters.

> "Pray don't exert yourself," said Mr. Charles, starting to his feet. "I will run across and ascertain."

chimney, looking out and waving his expedite matters, quicken their exit. sexes of the baronet's daughters, one of whom is to be Mrs. Charles." The old gentleman was excited, and did not consider his words. "If the eldest be cutting her teeth, and the youngest still be in long clothes, then of course I do not press the marriage; but—take care. The Orthopedic Hospital may straighten all the feet in Christendom "Oh, dear, no," answered the so-icitor. "He is very black and smells with my money if you take a step

against my will." The old gentleman was absent quite chain-mail, or a woman in white, there would have been some satisfation in "The eldest is Mary, aged five-andtwenty; the second, Susan, is twenty-one, and the third, Triphæna, is only ineteen. You may take your choice but sure as buttons is buttons one i shall be."

Next day, in the afternoon, Mr. Corder said to his son : "Charles, I wonder what is the depth of our well, and also whether the water is abso lutely pure. I am no water-drinker myself, but I do feel myself morally ound to ascertain that the homely exclaimed the young man, removing his cigar from

his lips and staring at him.
"And," continued Mr. Corder, "I
think I will step across to Mrs. White and inquire. One cannot be too scru-pulous, you know. Water is ascer-tained to be the vehicle for the conveyance of disease."

"You seem mighty ready to hop over to Mrs. White's, father," remarked

the young man.

Mr. Corder grew red in his wrath.

"Charles, I do not like that expression 'hopping over'; it is disrespect-ful. Besides, the implication in your words is distasteful to me." After that Mr. Corder was careful not to inform his son when he was de

sirous of consulting Mrs. White. "Governor," said Charles, a few requently to the east wing and not al

low me to visit there."
"Ifden't go frequently," answered
Mr. Corder indignantly.
Mr. Charles whistled. "Charles," said his father, bridling

terrors of the servants to obtain an in-terview with me unobserved,"
"My dear Mabel," said the young man, "I had no other choice. My father is an obstinate old gorilla, and won't allow me to visit here, and would explode like a Fenian's black bag if he thought I had fallen in love with you, and if he knew that we were engaged up, "you are wanting in respect. I am your parent. You forget that."

After this, however, Mr. Corder discontinued his calls on Mrs. White. He

continued his calls on Mrs. White. He was well aware that his son watched him, and he watched Charles, as he was determined not to allew him to form an attachment for Miss Mabel.

Now the Corders began to experience the inconvenience of inhabiting a haunted house. The servants were in a condition of chronic terror. The maids screemed at the sight of their own shadows, mistaking them for apparitions of the Deadleigh aweep. The fall of an extinguisher on the stairs sent he would keep me out of the house as sure as Mr. Bradlaugh is kept out, and endow the Orthopedic Hospital to spite "But, Mr. Charles, my mother, I fancy, has her suspicions roused, and I would not for worlds have my dear mother know I was concealing anything from her. She has been about a good

cook into fits, and the rats blanched cheeks of the manservant. ough she suspected something was sing on which ought not to take place ishout her comizance." "And you dare not ask her con-

the cheeks of the manservant,
"Ill tell you what, Governor," said
Charles one evening, "I'll take a revolver and set up all night in the upper
state drawing-room, and if I see the
shadow of a sweep I'll shoot it,"
"Stuff and fiddlesticks!" said his
father. "You shall do nothing of the
kind; the maids are scared enough
already without your driving them mad
with fear."
"You have seen and heard nothing." " No." faltered Miss Mabel. " She is so strictly conscientious, and so prim and old-fashioned in her ideas, that I am sure she would consider herself bound to inform your father of everything. I know it is not quite right, my meeting "You have seen and heard nothing, Governor?"

"Nothing. Nor you, I suppose?"

"Nothing—absolutely nothing. You don't believe in ghosts, do you, Gov.?"

"No, Charles, I do not. Nevertheless, I think it possible undef certain contingencies a spirit might revisit a spot where a premature death had severed its connection with the body, there you like this every evening, but-but-it would break my heart if I were for bidden to see you and have a word with you. Hush!"

Miss White started, trembled, and laid her finger on her lip. She and Charles stood breathless, for they heard a step on the landing near the door.

"My mother is prowling about,"
whispered Mabel. "Oh, Charles, dear
Charles! do please hide. She will be
coming in here to see that all is right.
There, slip through this little concealed to lament the accident. You do not believe in ghosts, do you Charles?"
"Certainly not, father. Nevertheless, I do not think it would be right door in the corner. You will find steps in me to deny what so many worthy descend to the State dining-room below; persons assert on the evidence of their senses to be fact. It would be prego in there and await me. I will come down to you when I may. I can step "Let us go to bed," said Mr. Corback now unobserved into my room. der hastily.

Mr. Corder and his son, though

She thrust her lover through an opening in the panel, which was not noticeable to a cursory eye, and he found himself on a newel staircase of stone in the thickness of the wall. A slit in the side allowed a streak of moonlight to enter, and he was able to descend without a stumble. Charles was in his stocking soles, and his footfall was as noiseless as that of a cat.
-At the bottom was the door in the

dining-room, which was exactly under the drawing-room. The door was ajar, and Charles thrust it open with his tingers, and lightly, absolutely noiseessly, stepped into the grand apartment. above, the moon poured its silvery effulgence. Charles stood petrified with terror. He had softly closed the door behind him, or he would have recoiled through it, when he saw-sitting in the moonlight, on the marble fender, with his back to the fire-place, in pensive attitude, head in hand-the sweep. Charles uttered an exclamation of horror. The sweep sprang to his feet, took a step forward, saw Charles-auother sweep-and recoiled.

Facing each other, both in moon

light, both casting inky shadows on the polished floor, sooty in garment, in face, hand, each armed with a sweep's brush, stood these two for a full minute silent, observant, as two duellists

waiting the signal to fight.

Each was black in hand, with black fell: On the confines of earth 't was permitted to feet, black suits, black-faced, blackcapped, each as spectral as the other. So it goes on, Charlie, and it means the letter H. Now the book says that it is and each, for all that, casting a shadow of a consistency as substantial as the other. In only one point did they a very important thing for gentlefolks to know when to sound that letter and when to drop it. That is an art I never differ. The second Deadleigh sweep was stouter in build than the first This was not reassuring to Charles. He had heard that the sweep who had noble poet means when he says that it fallen in the chimney was a man ad-vanced in life, the father of seven children. He considered a moment; was whispered in heaven and muttered in hell? The noble poet never meant was it possible that solicitude for his had a liberal education, and could not have been so intolerant. I can-net understand him; but I assure you, family, left destitute, caused him to walk? Charles resolved to inquire, and took a step forward. Thereupon, abruptly, the other sweep took a step backward, and raised his brush as though to protect himself from a blow. The raising of the brush startled Charles, and he stepped back. Thereupon the other, as though what is right and what is wrong. I gaining confidence, stepped forward. It really seemed as though each was afraid of the other, as though each heartily wished himself to be a phantom, so as to evaporate and escape the other. How long the two sweeps would have stood confronting each other speechless it is impossible to say, had not a door opened and a female figure entered, with the words, "I am late,

to force on an acquaintance with our but Mahel would not go to bed.' neighbors so as to get intimate with Miss Mabel. But I won't have it. Charles Corder looked round and refirst observe him ; her eyes were dimales, or sure as buttons is buttons I'll endow the Orthopedic Hospital. It is time for you to go to bed, Charles. rected toward the sweep by the fire-"I am sure we have both been india Good-night. You will find your candle in the hall."

creet." said she-" I in telling you of the way into this part of the through the chimney, and you in taking advantage of the superstitious fears of the servants to disguise your visits to me. I can quite understand that you are , shy of Charles, knowing that you intend a change of condition; but still, sooner or later, he must know-and Mabel is becoming suspicious I can see. How ever, now I am ready, Hobgoblin, Le us practice the aspirates again, for I am resolved not to give you my hand till you can ask for it with an H, nor to become mistress of your house without an aspirate to it." Then she seemed to observe the frozen, terrified aspect of the sweep, and she turned her eyes-

richly sculptured, and festoons of pears and peaches. Charles crept in, planted his ladder within on the hearth, and saw the second, screamed, and staggered against the wall.

At that moment, also, a second doo opened, and a flash of candlelight filled the room. Mabel appeared, holding a bed-room candlestick, with an expression of well-affected surprise in her face. At that moment, also, simultaneously both sweeps disappeared-one up the chimney, the other up the newel stair. "Oh, mamma! how came you here?"

asked Mabel. "I-I-I thought I heard sounds, answered Mrs. White, " and, timorous though I be constitutionally, yet morally I am strong. I knew it was my duty to see that no one was breaking into the house, so I made my rounds."

"Did you see anything, mamma? " Nothing, my dear, nothing. "But you screamed." "Yes, at your entering so unex pectedly. Did you see anything, Ma-

"Nothing, mamma, nothing." "I think, my dear," said Mrs. White, "that after all I did see something, but it was only my shadow projected by the moonlight against the fire-

place. "And I, mamma," said Miss White "I admit that I also did see some-thing, but it was only my shadow cast by the candle I carried in an opposite

" Quite so, darling; we saw nothing but our respective shadows." " Absolutely nothing else." "Let us to bed, then. I am so thank-

direction."

a faltering voice, "I have done very wrong to inform you of the way through the chimney. You have been injudicious; you showed yourself at the window the night before last, and ful we had false alarms." Next morning Mr. Corder and his son met at breakfast. The father was not easy, and did not seem to enjoy the meal with his usual relish; his hand shook, he upset his egg over the cloth, he buttered his fingers instead of the toast, and put his Standard down on it is impossible to stay longer in a house where a ghostly sweep is seen. We have done wrong—I in telling you the way through the chimney—you in the bacon.

"Did you go to bed directly I left last night?" asked Charles slyly. "Pretty nigh," answered Mr. Corder without looking up. "I was not very well." "You had no bad dreams, I hope?

said Charles. "Did not walk in your sleep, whispering the aspirate in heaven and muttering it in hell, eh?" Mr. Corder moved uneasily in his chair and spots of color formed on his cheeks; he bent his face over his cup and began to rake some coffee-grounds

out of it.

"I also was not very well," said Charles, "and was unable to sleep, so, my dear father, I made up my mind to watch for the ghost—the Deadleigh sweep, and lay it if possible."

"Yes," said Mr. Corder faintly. He was raking in his cup.

a way into the adjoining portion of the house, now walled off, through the chim ney. So I explored all the grand room of both parts of the mansion—in fact, all the four state apartments whose freplaces open into the haunted chimney-stack."

"Well," said the father, with a fur tive glance at Charles.
"And I made a discovery," con-

tinued the young man.
"Indeed!" Then the old gentleman upset his coffee-cup so as to spill
the contents over his nankeen waistcoat and light-check trousers. "I discovered, Boss, that there are no ghosts at all-that the sweep is a

myth. The jackdaws have built for years in the chimney, and the noise they make has given rise to the stories "You-you-you saw nothing?" "Positively nothing but my own shadow. When I got into the room on the other side I was scared for a moment

by my own shadow. When I raised my hand it lifted its hand; when I put a foot forward, it put one back. The moenlight was so powerful that my shadow had quite a substantial appearance.' Mr. Corder looked up with an expression of relief. "I confess," he said, "that I did hear steps last night,

you, Charles, walking?" " 1-I only." "And you are convinced that there

s re-"I am positive that this house haunted by no black spirits, but by argels only—there are two of them. White—and I think, father, the wisest course for both of us will be to secure their permanent abode here. If you will take upon you the responsibility of one I will answer for the other." Mr. Corder puffed. "Charles-there

are the baronetical females." "Let them remain as they are. think, Governor, that you can hardly shall be happy to recognize as my mother if you will consider Mabel as our daughter."

Mr. Corder was silent. After a while he looked up and laughed. "The Orthopedic Hospital will have to get on without my help," he said.
"And 'The Yews'" added Charles will no more be walked by Deadleigh sweeps "-sotto roce he added, "perc et fils."

"Pillars of the Church To the Editor of the Dispatch :

At a meeting of the Liquor-Dealers Association in Richmond on the 24th instant a member is reported to have said that he would like to see action taken against "local option" by the Corn and Tobacco Exchanges and Chamber of Commerce, for "resolu-tions passed by these bodies would do more good (harm, indeed) here than all the money you could spend." And then the gentleman gives his reason for the high opinion he has of their influ-ence: "For there are pillars of the Church in those bodies. It is an old trick for people engaged in a questionable undertaking to secure by some means or other an endorsement of their ourse by people whose standing is higher; and, no doubt, if the liquor-men could get the sanction of even a small number of "pillars of the Church" they would have more chances of success in this fight; but it is an unfortunate thing for their cause hat such an utterance as I have quoted should be made public. Good men are sometimes deceived or blinded into giving sanction to bad movements, ood men, real "pillars of churches," are never going to endorse the liquo traffic with their eyes open. Church has no greater enemy outside than the rumseller and no worse friend inside than the rumsucker. The "pilars " upon the business-exchanges our city cannot but feel insulted at the remarks quoted, whether it was meant as irony (thereby insinuating hypocrisy) or whether the speaker eant that they were influential churchmen of true piety who could be deceived into their spare by the cry of "business depression "-another name for being frightened from the right by the fear of the loss of dollars and cents.

CHARLES S. FAIRCHILD.

Who Will Probably Succeed Mr. Manning in the Event of His Death or Resignation.

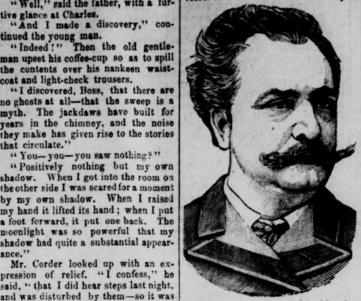
Charles S. Fairchild, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, was born at Cazenovia, N. Y., in the year 1842. His father was for many years counsel of the New York Central railroad. After receiving careful preparatory training Charles S. was entered a student at Harvard, where he was graduated. He was subsequently admitted to the bar at Albany, in which city he became partner in a law firm. In 1874 Mr. Fairchild was appointed Deputy Attor-ney-General. While discharging the duties of this office he argued before the General Term, New York, the case of the people against Police-Commissioners Gardner and Garlick, who were then on trial for removing an election inspector without previous notice. In this case and in the suits against th canal ring of New York State Mr. Fairchild earned considerable celebrity. and in 1875 he was nominated for Attorney-General on the Democratic ticket. He was successful and held the



office two years. In 1877 he was an unsuccessful candidate for re-nomination. From that date until his appointment as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Fairchild held no official trust. For a time, however, in this in terval be did useful public service as president of the New York State Chariies Aid Association.

THE NATIONAL CREDIT IS NO THE NATIONAL CREDIT IS NO more solidly founded than the reputation of Benson's Capcine Plasters. They are known, appreciated, and used everywhere in America—its hospitals and its homes. Physicians, pharmacists, and draggists affirm that for promptness of action, certainty, and range of curative qualities they are beyond comparison. Once used, their unequalled excellence recommends them. The public are again cautioned against the cheap, worthless, and shameless imitations offered by mendacious parties under the guise of similar-sounding names, such as "Capsicin," "Capucin," "Capsicin," "Capsicin," "Capsicin," "Capsicin," "Capsicin," ap 2-F,SačTu DARIEL MANAING

ry of the Treasury, Dying Secretary Manning is ill at Wash on. Previous to the attack from wh he is now suffering, and which, it ap-pears, involved the rupture of a blood-ressel at the base of the brain and par-



tial paralysis of the legs, Mr. Manning twice expressed a desire to the Presi dent to resign his position on account of his predisposition to apoplexy.

Daniel Manning is in the prime of

life-about forty-eight years of age. He was born of parents in a very humble condition of life. At an early age he entered the printing-office of the Albany Argus, and in due time rose from the drudgery of sweeping floors and tunning errands to be a compositor in the office of that influential At that time William Cassidy was its editor, a man of great ability, who made the paper. Always on the do better than whisper your aspirate lookout for young men of energy to in heaven with Mrs. White, whom I assist him in the conduct of his journal, Cassidy took particular notice of Manning, who was a hero and terror to some of the leading roughs in Albany. Moreover, he was bright as well as courageous and energetic, and when he was about twenty Cassidy gave him a position as reporter on the staff of the Argus. As such his first assignments were in the chamber of the New York Assembly. Manning soon became known to the political leaders in the House, and it was not long before he evidenced ability in manipulating the vote of his county. He rose in business step by step, and is now President of the Argus Company, Albany. Manning possesses considerable wealth, dresses handsomely, and lives in good style. He married the second time shortly before his appointment to a Cabinet position. first wife he has one son and one daughter. He has never held an elec-

tive office. In personal appearance Manning is tall, large, and handsome. His fore-bead is lofty; his eyes are exceedingly full and bright. He is dignified and courteous, scrupulously well dressed and well kept. While he figures suc-cessfully in public his strength is less as an orator than in counsel and as a political manager. An indication of his character is to be found in his casting the vote of New York as a unit during the proceedings of the Democratic National Con-vention at Chicago in 1884, the pur pose of the amendment upon which the vote was being taken being the substitution of individual for collective voting. Protests could not shake his purpose, which he carried out, and the result was the nomination of Mr. Cleve-land. As chairman of the New York Democratic State Committee several years Mr. Manning was largely influential in advancing the political for-President of the United States.

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OFFICE OF SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC PRINTING. RICHMOND, VA., March 31, 1886. Scaled proposals will be received at thi THURSDAY, APRIL 15, 1886, AT 12 M. THURSDAY, ACRIL 15, 1886, AT 12 M., for the PR NTING, BINDING, RULLING, LITHOGRAPHING, AC. for the State of Virginia for twelve months from the 1st day of May, 1886, as follows:

1. PRINTING SENATE JOURNALS DOCUMENTS, BILLS, &C.
2. PRINTING HOUSE JOURNALS, DOCUMENTS, BILLS, &C.
3. PRINTING ACTS OF ASSEMBLY.
4. PRINTING ANNUAL REPORTS of internal improvement companies made to the Board of Public Works. Contractors will make no charge for composition when extra copies of reports are ordered by any institution or offices.
5. PRINTING ALL, PAMPHLET WORK required by any department.
6. PRINTING JOB WORK. The State re-

5. PRINTING ALL PAMPHILT WORK required by any department of the Government.
6. PRINTING JOB WORK. The State reserves the right to have any forms daplicated to lessen the cost of press-work.
7. HINDING ACTS OF ASSEMBLY.
8. JUNDING SENATE AND HOUSE JOURNALS and counting off and distributing Bills Documents, Journals, &c., for the General Assembly.
9. BINDING ANNUAL REPORTS.
10. ALL OTHER FOLDING, STITCHING. TRIMMING, BINDING RULING, &c., for any department.
11. LITHOGRAPHING LETTER. AND NOTE-HEADS. ENVELOPES. &c.
Contracts for Nos. 1, 2, 3, 7, and 8 in schedule will be understood to be cancelled should there be no session of the General Assembly within the period abovo named. Bidders will state price per thousand ems for composition and per token of 250 impressions for press work. The right is reserved to reject any or all bids.
No payment will be made for book-work until the work is completed. Other bills sudited monthly.
Bidders must conform their bids to the above schedule, and contractors are required to enter into bond, with security to be approved by the Secretary of the Commonwealth, for the faithful and prompt execution of their contracts.
Bids will be opened in the presence of such

nonweath, for the latting and prompt execution of their contracts.

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Superintendent of Public Printing.

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